

MISS LULU BETT

by
Zona Gale

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers



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The precision and speed of his improvisation revealed him. He had twenty other diamonds like this one. He kept them for those Sundays when the sun comes up in the west. Of course—often! Some day he was going to melt a diamond and eat it. Then you sparkled all over in the dark, ever after. Another diamond he was going to plant. They say—He did it all gravely, absently. About it he was as conscienceless as a savage. This was no fancy spun to pleasure a child. He went on talking with Lulu, and now again he was the tense, the braggart, the unbridled, unmodified male. Monona stood in the circle of his arm. The little being was attentive, softened, subdued. Some pretty, faint light visited her. In her listening face, she showed herself a charming child. "It strikes me," said Ninian to Lulu, "that you're going to do something mighty interesting before you die."

It was the clear conversational impulse, born of the need to keep something going, but Lulu was all faith. She closed the oven door on her pines and stood brushing flour from her fingers. He was looking away from her, and she looked at him. He was completely like his picture. She felt as if they were looking at his picture and she was abashed and turned away. "Well, I hope so," she said, which had certainly never been true, for her old formless dreams were no intention—nothing but a mush of discontent. "I hope I can do something that's nice before I quit," she said. Not was this hope now independently true, but only surprising longing to appear interesting in his eyes. To dance before him. "What would the folks think of me, going on so?" she suddenly said. Her mild sense of disloyalty was delicious. So was his understanding glance. "You're the stuff," he remarked absently.

She laughed happily. The door opened. Ina appeared. "Well," said Ina. It was her remotest tone. She took this man to be a peddler, beheld her child in his clasp, made a quick forward step, chin lifted. She had time for a very jangle of a look at Lulu. "Hello," said Ninian. He had the one formula. "I believe I'm your husband's brother. Ain't this Ina?" It had not crossed the mind of Lulu to present him.

Beautiful it was to see Ina relax, soften, warm, transform, humanize. It gave one hope for the whole species. "Ninian!" she cried. She lent a faint impression of the double e to the initial vowel. She slurred the rest, until the y sound squinted in. Not Neenyun, but nearly Neenyun. He kissed her.

"Since Dwight isn't here," she cried, and shook her finger at him. Ina's conception of lovelessness was definite. A volley of questions—was his train on time? He had found the house all right? Of course! Anyone could direct him, she should hope. And he hadn't seen Dwight? She must telephone him. But then she arrested herself with a sharp, curved frown of her starched skirts. No! They would surprise him at tea—she stood taut, lips compressed. Oh, the Plows were coming to tea. How unfortunate, she thought. How fortunate, she said.

The child Monona made her knees and elbows stiff and danced up and down. She must, she must participate. "Aunt Lulu made three pies!" she screamed, and shook her straight hair. "Gracious sakes," said Ninian. "I brought her a pup, and if I didn't forget to give it to her."

They adjourned to the porch—Ninian, Ina, Monona. The puppy was presented, and yawned. The party kept on about "the place." Ina delightedly exhibited the tomatoes, the two apple trees, the new shed, the bird bath. Ninian said the unspeakable "m-m," rising infection, and the "I see," prolonging the verb as expected of him. Ina said that they meant to build a summer house, only, dear me, when you have a family—but there, he didn't know anything about that. Ina was using her eyes, she was arch, she was coquettish, she was flirtatious, and she believed herself to be merely maternally, sisterly, womanly.

She screamed. Dwight was at the gate. Now the meeting, exclamation, banality, guffaw. . . good will. And Lulu, peeping through the blind.

When "tea" had been experienced that evening, it was found that a light rain was falling and the Deacons and their guests, the Plows, were constrained to remain in the parlor. The Plows were gentle, faintly lustrous folk, sketched into life rather lightly, as if they were, say, looking in from some other level.

"The only thing," said Dwight Herbert, "that reconciles me to rain is that I'm left off croquet." He rolled his "s," a favorite device of his to induce humor. He called it "croquette." He had never been more irrepressible. The advent of his brother was partly accountable, the need to show himself a fine family man and host in a prosperous little home—simple and pathetic desire. "Tell you what we'll do?" said Dwight. "Nin and I'll remanisce a lit-

tle."

"Do!" cried Mr. Plow. This gentle fellow was always excited by life, so faintly excited by him, and enjoyed its presentation in any real form.

Ninian had unerringly selected a dwarf rocker, and he was overflowing it and rocking.

"Take this chair, do!" Ina begged. "A big chair for a big man." She spoke as if he were about the age of Monona.

Ninian refused, insisted on his refusal. A few years more, and human relationships would have spread sanity even to Ina's estate and she would have told him why he should exchange chairs. As it was she forebore, and kept glancing anxiously at the overburdened little beast beneath him.

The child Monona entered the room. She had been driven down by Di and Jenny Plow, who had vanished upstairs and, through the ventilator, might be heard in a lift and fall of giggling. Monona had also been driven from the kitchen where Lulu was, for some reason, hurrying through the dishes. Monona now ran to Mrs. Bett, stood beside her and stared about resentfully. Mrs. Bett was in best black and ruffles, and she seized upon Monona and patted her, as her own form of social expression; and Monona wriggled like a puppy, as hers.

"Quiet, pettie," said Ina, eyebrows up. She caught her lower lip in her teeth.

"Well, sir," said Dwight, "you wouldn't think it to look at us, but mother had her hands pretty full, belonging us up."

Into Dwight's face came another look. It was always so when he spoke of this foster-mother who had taken these two boys and seen them through the graded schools. This woman Dwight adored, and when he spoke of her he became his inner self.

"We must run up-state and see her while you're here, Nin," he said. To this Ninian gave a casual assent, lacking his brother's really tender ardor.

"Little," Dwight pursued, "little did she think I'd settle down into a nice, quiet, married dentist and magistrate in my town. And Nin into—say, Nin, what are you, anyway?"

They laughed. "That's the question," said Ninian. They laughed.

"Maybe," Ina ventured, "maybe Ninian will tell us something about his travels. He is quite a traveler, you know," she said to the Plows. "A regular Gulliver."

They laughed respectfully. "How we should love it, Mr. Deacon," Mrs. Plow said. "You know we've never seen very much."

Goaded on, Ninian launched upon his foreign countries as he had seen them: Population, exports, imports, soil, irrigation, business. For the populations Ninian had no respect. Crops could not touch ours. Soil might grow pickings. And the business—say! Those fellows don't know—and, say, the hotels! Don't say foreign hotel to Ninian.

He regarded all the alien earth as barbarian, and he stoned it. He was equipped for absolutely no intensive observation. His contacts were negligible. Mrs. Plow was more excited by the Deacons' party than Ninian had been wrought upon by all his voyaging.

"Tell you," said Dwight. "When we ran away that time and went to the state fair, little did we think—" He told about running away to the state fair. "I thought," he wound up, irrelevantly, "Ina and I might get over to the other side this year, but I guess not. I guess not."

The words gave no conception of their effect, spoken thus. For there in Warbleton these words were not commonplace. In Warbleton, Europe is never so casually spoken of. "Take a trip abroad" is the phrase, or "Go to Europe" at the very least, and both with empassionment. Dwight had somewhere noted and deliberately picked up that "other side" effect, and his Ina knew this, and was proud. Her covert glance about pensively covered her soft triumph.

Mrs. Bett, her arm still circling the child Monona, now made her first observation. "Pity not to have went while the going was good," she said, and said no more.

Nobody knew quite what she meant, and everybody hoped for the best. But Ina frowned. Mamma did these things occasionally when there was company, and she dared. She never sauced Dwight in private. And it wasn't fair, it wasn't fair—

Abruptly Ninian rose and left the room.

home with "extra" cream—she had gone round to the side door and had come full upon Di and Bobby, seated on the steps. And Di was saying: "Well, if I marry you, you're simply got to be a great man. I could never marry just anybody. I'd smother." Lulu had heard, stricken. She passed them by, responding only faintly to their greeting. Di was far less taken aback than Lulu. Later Di had said to Lulu: "I s'pose you heard what we were saying." Lulu, much shaken, had withdrawn from the whole matter by a flat "no." "Because," she said to herself, "I couldn't have heard right." But since then she had looked at Di as if Di were some one else. Had not Lulu taught her to make buttonholes and to hem—oh, no! Lulu could not have heard properly.



And Instead of Going to the Parlor She Sat Down by the Kitchen Window.

"Everybody's got somebody to be nice to them," she thought now, sitting by the kitchen window, admit yet she felt.

She thought that some one would come for her—her mother or even Ina. Perhaps they would send Monona. She waited at first hopefully, then resentfully. The gray rain wrapped the air.

"Nobody cares what becomes of me after they're fed," she thought, and derived an obscure satisfaction from her phrasing, and thought it again. Ninian Deacon came into the kitchen.

Her first impression was that he had come to see whether the dog had been fed.

"I fed him," she said, and wished that she had been busy when Ninian entered.

"Who, me?" he asked. "You did that all right. Say, why in time don't you come in the other room?"

"Oh, I don't know." "Well, neither do I. I've kept thinking, 'Why don't I come along?' Then I remembered the dishes." He glanced about. "I come to help wife dishes."

"Oh!" she laughed so delicately, so delightfully, one wondered where she got it. "They're washed—" she caught herself at "long ago."

"Well then, what are you doing here?" "Resting." "Rest in there. He bowed, crooked his arm. "Senora," he said—his Spanish matched his other assimilations of travel—"Senora, allow me."

Lulu rose. On his arm she entered the parlor. Dwight was narrating and did not observe that entrance. To the Plows it was sufficiently normal. But Ina looked up and said:

"Well"—in two notes, descending, curving.

Lulu did not look at her. Lulu sat in a low rocker. Her starched white skirt, throwing her chally in ugly lines, revealed a peeping front of white embroidery. Her face front wrinkled when she sat, and perpetually she adjusted it. She curled her feet side-wise beneath her chair, her long wrists and veined hands lay along her lap in no relation to her. She was tense. She rocked.

When Dwight had finished his narration, there was a pause, broken at last by Mrs. Bett:

"You tell that better than you used to when you started in telling it," she observed. "You got in some things I guess you used to clean forget about. Monona, get off my rocker."

Monona made a little whimpering sound, in pretense to tears. Ina said, "Darling—quiet!"—clim a little lifted, lower lip revealing lower teeth for the word's completion; and she held it.

The Plows were asking something about Mexico. Dwight was wondering if it would let up raining at all. Di and Jenny came whispering into the room. But all these distractions Ninian Deacon swept aside.

"Miss Lulu," he said, "I wanted you to hear about my trip up the Amazon, because I knew how interested you are in travels."

He talked, according to his lights, about the Amazon. But the person who most enjoyed the recital could not afterward have told two words that he said. Lulu kept the position which she had taken at first, and she dare not change. She saw the blood in the veins of her hands and wanted to hide them. She wondered if she might fold her arms, or have one hand to support her chin, gave it all up and sat motionless, save for the rocking.

Then she forgot everything. For the first time in years some one was talking and looking not only at Ina and Dwight and their guests, but at her.

(Continued next week)

Rubber for road surfacing is being tried out in Colombo.

WINSOME CREPE COSTUME



This simple little white crepe outfit has a bit of drawn work done in contrasting color, and when worn with such a really lovely hat is an attractive getup.

TWO-TONE HOSIERY IS SMART

Silk and Lisle Mixtures Shown in All Shades, With or Without Colored Clocks.

Stockings of silk and lisle mixtures, in all shades are shown, with or without colored clocks. Combinations of silk and wool in similar shades are worn for golf and one of the smartest, perhaps, of all the sport stockings is a heavily ribbed, coarsely woven silk-silk wool stocking, which has a very dull finish.

Woolen stockings, woven in plaids to match the Argyle sweater, are still very much in favor, but these brilliant checkerboard effects have been so overworked that they should only be recommended in the soberer combinations of black, brown, gray and white.

For use with white canvas or buckskin shoes for sports or country wear, plain white lisle stockings are being shown.

Two-tone silk stockings are offered for country wear in two new styles. One skillfully woven stocking (which combines a color with white) gives the two-tone effect at all times. These may be had with or without embroidered clocks, in many color combinations, including navy blue and white, black and white, and cordovan and white. Nile green and gold, or royal blue and gold, to mention only a few.

In conclusion, it is perhaps unnecessary to repeat that the trend of the mode as exemplified by the selections made by women of breeding, is more and more away from the overelaborate shoe—Vogue.

DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS

Midsummer Frocks Are Changing in Their Simplicity and Varied in Their Colorings.

The showing of little girls' dresses seems to grow more varied and interesting as the season progresses, and organdies of summery shades add to the rainbow hues that distinguish the average showroom. Midsummer dresses row on display are charming in their simplicity and varied in their colorings, and are distinguished by an unusual variety of design. White and colored organdie often are combined, and as a rule there is some hand embroidery to add a note of distinction to these pretty little "dresses-up" frocks.

Dotted swiss in colors, combined with white, often is seen and in the dainty party dresses an additional color note is introduced by use of a knot of gayly colored flowers here and there. An especially pretty organdie model has two tiny bouquets of organdie flowers in pastel hues to add to its charm. Small ornaments of bakelite frequently are used on children's dresses, usually as a finish to the sash or as pendants on a contrasting neck cord.

Turquoise a Coming Color.

From many sources comes the prophecy that turquoise blue is to be the next popular color—not in sweaters alone, but in millinery and for all purposes that jade has proved such a success. It is a color which has possibilities since in some of its tones it is possible for practically all complexions. In England, where a good many of our sweater fashions originate, turquoise blue has already attained considerable vogue.

Millinery Tip.

A smart hat of white organdie is trimmed with small roses of organdie arranged in a wreath on the extreme outer edge of the hat. This is recommended more for its beauty than utility.

Read Record ads and regulate your buying accordingly. They will save you money—advertisement.

By the state of the hair it is possible to judge the general health of a person, say some doctors.

ITHACA

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio returned home Friday after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hoffman and other relatives and friends in Ithaca and North Star.

Miss Gretta Church left Tuesday for Grand Rapids where she will attend the McLaughlin Business University.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Wight have moved into Mrs. Carrie Welch's apartments.

Lewis Westbrook and daughter, Mrs. Alice Collier of Anacortes, Wash., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jessup. Mr. Westbrook, formerly resided near Ithaca, and this is his first visit to Michigan in 41 years.

S. W. Cline of Spokane, Wash., spent a short time recently with his brother-in-law and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Barden.

The Berean class of the Baptist Sunday School met at Woodland Park, Friday afternoon. A pot-luck supper was served.

Mrs. H. V. Kittle of St. Johns spent the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eichler.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church met Tuesday with Mrs. H. C. Hildebrand.

Rev. and Mrs. Miles E. Bacon of Vermont are visiting at the home of their uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Read, on their way to Chicago.

Mrs. Frank Miller who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Myers returned to her home in Chicago, Wednesday, Mrs. Myers accompanied her home.

Miss Lillie Roberts left recently for Mt. Morris where she will teach this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolfe and daughter, Betty, visited relatives in Saginaw last week.

Mrs. Lillie Grey Duncan of Pasadena, California, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Oliver McEnderfer of Pompano spent a few days last week at Houghton. Mrs. Duncan was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jessup while in Ithaca.

Mrs. Eva Ackerman has returned to her home in Dowagiac after spending several weeks with her daughter, Miss Hannah Ackerman.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Gibbs attended the state fair at Detroit last week.

Miss Gretchen Marquette left recently for Mt. Clemens where she has a position as supervisor of schools.

Mrs. V. G. Sutcliffe and daughter of Pasadena, Calif., have returned home after spending three months with relatives in Ithaca and other points.

Delbert Shirely left recently for Owosso where he has a position with the Osmer grocery store.

Rev. L. L. Dewey left Monday to attend the annual conference of the Methodist church that is held in Albion this week.

Miss Marjorie McCoy is attending the Toronto Exposition as a representative from Mt. Pleasant Normal school. Miss McCoy is a former resident of Ithaca.

A series of revival meetings are being held at the Baptist church beginning Sunday night. Rev. A. W. Lettrell, evangelist, assisted by Mr. D. L. Moody, gospel singer, have charge of the services.

Miss Naomi Srodes returned Thursday to her home in Lansing after spending a week with her aunt, Mrs. Myra Brown.

Mrs. Will Iseman of Detroit was a recent guest of Ithaca relatives.

NORTHWEST SEVILLE

School began in the Gee district Monday with Ethel Tyman as the teacher.

G. Nonemacher and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Lomola and Genevieve and Elizabeth Carrol were Mt. Pleasant visitors Saturday.

G. Myers was in Alma Saturday to visit his mother, Mrs. Irene Decker. J. F. Parker returned home Thursday from a ten day visit at Bowling Green, Ohio.

Mrs. Irene Decker is reported as being on the gain. She is still staying with Mrs. Wadley of Alma.

Will Myers and James Kimmis went to Houghton lake Saturday to visit with their mothers who are resorting there.

Otto Loomis and Donald Tyman spent Saturday at the fair in Mt. Pleasant.

ELY DISTRICT

Gwendolyn Chapman returned home last Friday from Detroit, where she has been spending the past two weeks. Preston Forest is helping Alfred Nestle at his sorghum and cider mill. Beulah and Isabelle Dalrymple were visitors at the Ely one day last week.

Herb Campbell sold sweet cider and watermelons at the Mt. Pleasant fair last week.

Ione Robinson is visiting at the home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cline.

R. D. Bradford won first prize on his Guernsey cattle at the County fair in Ithaca.

More seats had to be added in the school house, there being such a large attendance this year.

Mr. Andrews has the addition on his house nearly completed.

S. L. BENNETT.
FIRE INSURANCE
MARY M. DICKERSON, Clerk
ROOMS 4 and 5
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

OFFICIAL CALL

For Republican County Convention To the Republican Electors of the County of Gratiot:

A County convention of the Republicans of the County of Gratiot is hereby called to meet at the Court House in the Village of Ithaca on Thursday, the 21st day of September, 1922 at 11 o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of electing thirteen delegates to the State convention to be held at Muskegon, Wednesday, September 27, 1922 and for the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before the convention.

The representatives of the various Townships and Wards in this convention were fixed by the following resolution adopted at the Republican County Convention held February 5th, 1920:

"RESOLVED: That the various Townships and Wards in the County of Gratiot in future Republican conventions be entitled respectively to representation therein by one delegate for each thirty-five votes cast at the preceding general election for the Republican candidate for Secretary of State and one delegate for each moiety of eighteen thereof, and that the County Committee be and is hereby instructed to follow this rule as a basis for the apportionment of delegates to future County Conventions."

The several townships and wards will be entitled to the following number of delegates:

Arcade Township	4
Bethany Township	5
Elba Twp., Precinct No. 1	4
Elba Twp., Precinct No. 2	4
Emerson Township	4
Fulton Township	9
Hamilton Township	4
Ithaca Township	19
Lafayette Township	7
Newark Township	6
New Haven Township	7
North Shade Township	7
North Star Township	6
Pine River Township	6
Seville Township	6
Summer Township	6
Washington Township	4
Wheeler Twp., Precinct No. 1	7
Wheeler Twp., Precinct No. 2	9
Alma, 1st ward, 1st precinct	13
Alma 1st ward, 2nd precinct	8
Alma, 2nd ward, 1st precinct	8
Alma, 2nd ward, 2nd precinct	4
Alma, 3rd ward	3
Alma, 4th ward	3
St. Louis, 1st ward	3
St. Louis, 2nd ward	5
St. Louis 3rd ward	5
St. Louis, 4th ward	5

JOHN CHICK, Secretary
O. L. SMITH, Chairman
Republican County Committee.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP
Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between (us, the undersigned) A. A. and J. C. Chick, heretofore carrying on business as partners at Alma, Michigan under the style or firm of the Economy Shoe Store has been dissolved by mutual consent as and from the 25th day of August, 1922, so far as concerns the said A. A. Chick, who retires from said firm. All debts due to and owing by the said firm will be received and paid respectively by A. A. Chick who will continue to carry on the said business under the style or firm of the Economy Shoe Store.

Dated the 25th day of August, 1922

A. A. CHICK
JOHN C. CHICK

67-4wk

LIEN SALE
Default having been made in the conditions of a certain decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Gratiot, State of Michigan, the same being dated July 19, 1916, and recorded in the register of deeds for the County of Gratiot, State of Michigan on the 13th day of February, 1917, in liber 134 on page 416 on which lien the said decree is claimed to be due and unpaid the sum of one hundred dollars, and no proceedings at law have been instituted against the heir or administrator to recover the said one hundred dollars or any part thereof.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said decree and the statute in such case made and provided, the said lien will be foreclosed by a sale of all of the premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder at the north front door of the court house at the village of Ithaca in said County of Gratiot, on the 26th day of October, 1922, at one o'clock in the afternoon, and said premises are described as follows: The Northwest 1/4 of the Southeast 1/4 of section number 22 township number 12 north of range 3 west, Michigan.

Dated, July 14, 1922.

ORA FRED COOLEY, Lienee.

Address: St. Louis, Michigan. 62-13w

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